# THE COMPILER.

## A DEMOCRATIC AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

By H. J. STAHLE. "TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL." TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

39TH YEAR. GETTYSBURG, PENN'A.: MONDAY, JULY 20, 1857. NO. 43.



*TERMS OF THIS PAPER.*

☞ *The Republican Compiler* is published every Monday morning, by HENRY J. STAHLE, at $1,75 per annum if paid *in advance*—$2,00 per annum if not paid in advance. No subscription discontinued, unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid.

☞ Advertisements inserted at the usual rates. Job Printing done, neatly, cheaply, and with dispatch.

☞ Office in South Baltimore street, directly opposite Wampler's Tinning Establishment, one and a half squares from the Court-house, "COMPILER" on the sign.



TO THE FARMERS!

**Manny's Combined Reaping and Mowing Machine,**

WITH

*WOOD'S IMPROVEMENT.*

THE undersigned, having been appointed Agent for the sale of Manny's Combined Reaping and Mowing Machine with Wood's Improvement, for Adams county, offers them to the public, believing them to be the best combined machines in use. They have been successfully introduced into different parts of our State and have rendered general satisfaction. It received a silver medal at the State Fair last fall: also drew the first premiums at York, Cumberland, Centre, Huntingdon, &c., counties, where it was exhibited. Farmers needing a Reaping and Mowing Machine will please call upon the undersigned before purchasing, as he always takes great pleasure in exhibiting these Machines. He has one set up at Tate's Hotel, where it can be seen.—Early orders are solicited as the number received from the manufacturer will be in proportion to the demand.

SAMUEL HERBST.

*Chambersburg st., Gettysburg.*

April 27, 1857. 3m

N. B.—There are no Reaping and Mowing Machines manufactured in the United States having upon them Wood's Improvements except those manufactured at Hussick Falls, N. Y. Parties manufacturing Reaping and Mowing Machines are cautioned against using Wood's Improvements, and are hereby notified that payment will be exacted to the full extent for the use made of them.

H. K. PARSONS, *Agent.*

THE FARMERS' & MECHANICS'

**Savings Institution of Adams Co.**

THIS Institution receives deposites for which it pays interest as follows:

For over 10 months, 4 per cent. per annum. For 3 and not over 10 months, 3 per cent. per annum. For transient deposites, not less than 30 days, 2 per cent. per annum, payable on demand without notice.

A joint fund (capital) of $10,000 has been paid in.

For loans apply on Wednesday.

Sums received on deposite as low as a dime. Interest to be allowed whenever the deposites amount to $5,00, and on each additional $5,00 and upwards.

Office in South West Corner of Public Square, next to George Arnold's store. Open daily from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M., and for receiving deposites every Saturday, from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M.

*President.*
GEORGE THORNE.
*Treasurer & Secretary.*
GEORGE ARNOLD.
*Directors.*

| | |
|---|---|
| John Brough, | John Horner. |
| Samuel Durborow, | George Arnold, |
| A. Heinitzelman, | Jacob Musselman, |
| D. McCreary, | D. McCullough, |
| William Culp, | John Mickley, |
| Robert Horner, | John Thorne. |

April 6, 1857.


**BOROUGH ACCOUNT.**

R. G. M'CREARY, Treasurer, in account with the Borough of Gettysburg.

DR.

| | |
|---|---|
| To balance in hands at settlement, March 22, 1856, | $29 18½ |
| Tax outstanding, | 135 54 |
| Loan from Bank of Gettysburg, | 400 00 |
| Do. Cornelius Leff, | 400 00 |
| Balance of Dog Tax collected, | 4 00 |
| Rent from Danner & Ziegler, | 25 00 |
| Tax assessed for current year, | 1188 41 |
| License and fines from Burgess. | 6 00 |
| | $2188 16½ |

*By orders and expenses paid out as follows, viz:*

CR.

| | |
|---|---|
| Election officers, | 5 80 |
| Office fees, E. Norris, | 3 50 |
| Interest on Loans, | 167 02 |
| Loans repaid, | 700 00 |
| Water rent, | 22 50 |
| Engine Keeper, 18 months, | 45 00 |
| Engineering, Mr. Jacobs, | 60 00 |
| Town Constable, John L. Burns, | 49 25 |
| Special police at fires, | 6 00 |
| Publishing Account, &c., | 29 75 |
| Clerk and Treasurer's salary, | 30 00 |
| Town Clock, | 18 00 |
| Tax and quit rent, | 5 60 |
| Granite and stone, | 24 00 |
| Blacksmith work, | 5 92 |
| Masonry, brick and materials, | 48 77 |
| Carpenter work and Lumber, | 10 44 |
| Plank, | 41 47 |
| Grading and paving streets and gutters, | 200 11½ |
| Opening streets in snow, | 22 00 |
| Oil, Spikes, Tape-line, &c., | 11 05 |
| Removing nuisances, | 1 75 |
| Burgess and Council, | 30 00 |
| Collector's fees, | 50 15 |
| Releases, | 15 43 |
| Errors in assessment, | 10 32 |
| Tax outstanding, | 113 27 |
| * Balance in hands of Treasurer, | 461 05 |
| | $2188 16½ |

*Since paid out in full.

R. G. M'CREARY, *Treasurer.*

June 29, 1857. 4t


**REMOVAL.**

**Alex. Frazer, Watch and Clock-maker,**

HAS removed his shop to Carlisle street, below Hoke's store, where he will always be happy to attend to the calls of customers. Thankful for past favors, he hopes, by strict attention to business and a desire to please, to merit and receive the patronage of the public.

Gettysburg, May 18, 1857.

SILVER.—A fine lot of Silver Spoons and Silver Forks, as low as city prices, now to be had at SCHICK'S. Call soon, as they sell rapidly.

CARPET Bags, Trunks, Umbrellas, and Canes, at COBEAN & PAXTON'S.

CHILDREN'S Shoes of every variety and size, at BRINGMAN & AUGHINBAUGH'S successors to W. W. Paxton

BONNETS, Ribbons and Flowers, in large assortment, at SCHICK'S.


**SHERIFFALTY.**

FELLOW-CITIZENS of Adams county:—I offer myself as a candidate for the office of SHERIFF at the October election, (subject to the Democratic nomination.) If I should be so lucky as to be nominated and be elected, I shall pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office with sobriety and fidelity.

SAMUEL SPANGLER.

Mountpleasant tp., April 20, 1857.

**SHERIFFALTY.**

TO the Voters of Adams county:—Encouraged by numerous friends, I offer myself as a candidate for the office of SHERIFF at the next election, (subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.) Should I be nominated and elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of the office with promptness and fidelity.

ISAAC LIGHTNER.

Mountjoy tp., April 6, 1857.

**SHERIFFALTY.**

TO the Voters of Adams county: Encouraged by numerous friends, I offer myself as a candidate for the office of SHERIFF at the next election, (subject to the American Republican County Convention.) Should I be elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of the office with promptness and fidelity.

ISAAC LEEPER.

Cumberland twp., April 13, 1857.

**REGISTER AND RECORDER.**

TO the Voters of Adams county:—Fellow-Citizens:—Encouraged by the solicitations of numerous friends, I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Register and Recorder, subject to the decision of the Union County Convention. Should I be honored with your confidence and elected, I pledge my best efforts to a faithful and impartial administration of the duties of the office. DAVID McCREARY.

Gettysburg, July 6, 1857.

**REGISTER & RECORDER.**

TO the Voters of Adams county:—At the solicitation of numerous friends, I offer myself as a candidate for the office of Register & Recorder, at the next election, (subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.) Should I be nominated and elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of the office to the best of my ability.

WM. OVERDEER.

Bendersville, June 8, 1857.

**REGISTER & RECORDER.**

TO the Independent Voters of Adams co.—Fellow Citizens:—The undersigned offers himself to your consideration as a candidate for the office of Register and Recorder of Adams county, (subject to the decision of the Democratic Convention,) and respectfully solicits your support and suffrages. Should I be nominated and elected, my endeavours shall be to discharge the duties of the office with fidelity and impartiality.

JOHN L. GUBERNATOR.

Conowago tp., April 27, 1857.

**REGISTER & RECORDER.**

TO the Voters of Adams County.—Fellow citizens: Being encouraged by numerous friends, I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the office of Register and Recorder at the next election, (subject to the action of the Democratic County Convention.) And should I receive the nomination and be elected, I shall duly appreciate your confidence, and promise to discharge the duties of the office promptly and with fidelity.

Your obedient servant.

ZACHARIAH MYERS.

Tyrone tp., April 27, 1857.

**CLERK OF THE COURTS.**

TO THE VOTERS OF ADAMS COUNTY.—The undersigned, at the solicitations of numerous friends, offers himself to your consideration as a candidate for the office of Clerk of the Courts, at the next election, (subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.) Should I be nominated and elected, the people may rely upon a faithful discharge of duty on my part.

GEORGE BUSHMAN.

Cumberland twp., June 29, 1857.

**PROTHONOTARY.**

WE are authorized to announce that Dr. C. E. GOLDSBOROUGH, of Hunterstown, will be a candidate for the office of Prothonotary—subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention—at the ensuing election.

June 15, 1857.


**JUST IN SEASON**

AND NEVER OUT OF SEASON!

FARMERS, read this, and then come and buy, for we still have "a few more left!" The subscriber takes this method of calling the attention of the public in general to that valuable piece of machinery, styled

**Hersh's Patent Hay Hoister and Manure Excavator.**

Having the right of all Adams county, except Conowago, Oxford and Mountjoy townships, he will sell either machines or township rights. H. G. CARR.

☞ Also, at the same place, you can be accommodated with as fine BUGGIES as can be got up in the State for the same money—constantly kept on hand.

Repairing done, neatly and cheaply, at short notice. All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for work.

Gettysburg, May 18, 1857. 6m

A NEW STOCK OF

**BOOTS AND SHOES,**

*At the Old Stand in West Chambersburg street.*

THE undersigned has just purchased a well selected Stock of Goods, and invites the attention of the public to his fine assortment of Gentlemen's, Ladies', and Children's BOOTS AND SHOES These Goods have been selected with a view to meet the various wants and necessities of customers. Also, a splendid assortment of Plain and Fancy GAITERS & SLIPPERS, of all sizes and descriptions, made of very best materials, which he is prepared to sell on as favorable terms as they can be had at any place in the County. Having been engaged in the Shoe business for 30 years, he flatters himself that he has selected such Goods as will give entire satisfaction to all who may wish to purchase. Call and examine for yourselves.

☞ Boots, Shoes, &c., made to order as heretofore. WILLIAM BOYER.

May 11, 1857. 3m

4 BOXES Oranges and Lemons, in Store, and will be sold cheaper than anywhere else. Call and see at E. H. MINNIGH'S.

FIGS AND RAISINS.—A fresh lot of Figs and Raisins, just received and for sale at E. H. MINNIGH'S.

FLOUR & FEED always on hand at NORBECK'S.


# The Compiler.

**Why the Main Line Was Sold.**

In speaking of the sale of the Main Line of the Public Works to the Central Railroad Company for $7,500,000, the *Erie Observer* remarks: By the late decision of the Supreme Court, this sale is made subject to the tonnage tax, and the right of future taxation. We do not regard this fact, however, of much account. The purchaser has had experience enough in Pennsylvania legislation to know that the tonnage tax can be removed—perhaps not next winter, while this robbery is fresh in the minds of the people; but eventually, when other questions occupy public attention, there will be found plenty of Wagonsellers in the market, and then just such legislation as is wanted to complete the dominion of this mammoth monopoly over the State, can be readily secured—*for a consideration!* This being so—the first step in this great wrong having been taken—it only remains now for the people—the taxpayers—to ascertain who did it, and why it was done. As to the first inquiry, we presume no one will dispute that the whole swindle—so far as yet accomplished—is a pet child of the Black Republican-Wilmot party. It was conceived and accomplished by that party, with the help of the Lebos, Wagonsellers and Mencars of the House. It has been emphatically endorsed by their State Convention.

They seek to build up the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, by giving it the monopoly of the carrying trade of the State, so that like the Camden and Amboy monopoly of New Jersey, it may control the politics of the Commonwealth! As evidence of this let the reader con well the revelations in the following extract from a letter from the Editor of the Milwaukie *Wisconsin*, to his paper, while the bill was before the Senate. It appears that the Editor of the *Wisconsin* visited Harrisburg on a political pilgrimage—that he there saw Gen. Cameron, the chief conspirator in this sale, and by him was posted in the designs and hopes of his political brethren in the State. And, thus inspired, he wrote:

"The Legislature was in session when we arrived, and were a good looking set of men. They have passed some very important laws. The most prominent is that for the sale of the *Main Line of the Public Works from Philadelphia to Pittsburg*, for $3,000,000. It is generally understood that the Pennsylvania Central Railroad will bid it in. The bill was supported by the Republicans, and carried by combining with a few Democrats. It has created as much excitement in this State as our famous Land Grant legislation. There are wide differences of opinion as to its political effects. *While the Democrats say that it ensures the vote of Pennsylvania at the October election by 25,000 majority, the Republicans think that it will be the means of giving them the State in the Presidential caucass of 1860*—inasmuch as it divests the Democratic State officers of the vast and potential patronage of the Main Line of Canals and Railways. *The shrewdest Republicans of the State consider the sale worth 10,000 votes to their side.*"

Mark well the portion of the above we have italicised, and then recollect that the writer, in the same letter, in a previous paragraph, gives it as his opinion that Gen. Cameron will prove the most formidable competitor for the Republican nomination for President in 1860, and when nominated, will be certain to carry Pennsylvania, and you have the key to the conspiracy to defraud the Commonwealth out of the Main Line for the benefit of the Central Railroad Company. Gen. Cameron is a shrewd, keen, far seeing politician. He wants no rival in his own State in the Republican ranks. He saw plainly that Wilmot would be nominated for Governor, and that he would be that rival if, by any possible chance, he should be elected.—Hence that result must be prevented at all hazards. There is not much prospect of it, it is true—but even the possibility must be guarded against. The sale of the Main Line at this time, outraging as it does the rights of the people, and squandering their means upon a corporation, was just the measure to accomplish it—hence it was put through with railroad speed. Gen. Cameron saw that it would "ensure the vote of the State at the October election by 25,000 majority" to the opponent of Wilmot, thus effectually killing him off for 1860, and leaving him sole heir apparent to the nomination for President at that time. And in this connection, the reader will observe that the writer of the paragraph quoted, who appears to have received his instructions from Cameron himself, does not profess that any *present* benefit to the Republican party will result from the sale of the Main Line to the Pennsylvania railroad company—but "in the Presidential canvass of 1860," when Wilmot is dead and buried, he thinks "it will be the means of giving them the State." "The shrewdest Republicans of the State," he continues, "consider the sale worth 10,000 votes to their side." And here is the secret of this wholesale State robbery—not to relieve the State debt, but to ensure the State to Republicanism in 1860; not to relieve the people of taxation, but to add "10,000 votes" to the Republican column at the next Presidential election.

# The Muse.

*LITTLE FOOLS AND GREAT ONES.*

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

When at the social board you sit,
And pass around the wine,
Remember, though abuse is vile,
That use may be divine;
That Heaven in kindness gave the grape
To cheer both great and small—
The little fools will drink too much,
But great ones none at all.

And when in youth's too fleeting hours
You roam the earth alone,
And have not sought some loving heart,
That you may make your own;
Remember woman's priceless worth,
And think when pleasures pall—
That little fools will love too much,
But great ones not at all.

And if a friend deceived you once,
Absolve poor human kind,
Nor rail against your fellow man
With malice in your mind;
But in your daily intercourse,
Remember, lest you fall—
That little fools confide too much,
But great ones not at all.

In work or pleasure, love or drink,
Your rule be still the same—
Your work not toil, your pleasure pure,
Your love a steady flame.
Your drink not maddening, but to cheer,
So shall your bliss not pall—
For little fools enjoy too much,
But great ones none at all.

# Miscellaneous.

**Roaring Boys.**

A BRIEF HISTORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"What! stay at home for that squalling young one? catch me to." And the young mother threw on a bonnet and shawl, and humming a gay air, sauntered out on the promenade. One another bowed and smiled as she moved along, flushed, triumphant and beautiful. A young man met her just as she was passing the shop of a well known firm.

"Ah! out again, Delia," he said, earnestly. "Where is Charley?"

"With Hannah, of course. You don't expect me to tie myself to him?" she returned.

The young man's face grew cloudy. "No," he returned, with a half sigh; "but I can't bear to have him left with servants."

"Oh, well, I can," she said, and with a radiant smile left her husband hard at work and flitted on.

CHAPTER II.

"Answer all his questions? make myself a slave, as I should be obliged to? Oh, no; can't think of it. If I give him his breakfast and plenty of play things, I consider my duty *done;* I don't believe in fussing over children—let them find out things as they grow up!"

"There's the danger," replied the dear old lady, casting a pitying look upon the richly embroidered cloak her son's wife had bent over all day, "unless the mother be constantly imparting the right kind of knowledge."

"Oh! you want to make him a piece of perfection like his father; well, I can't say I do. I don't like these faultless men. See—now isn't the contrast beautiful. Come here, Charley, lovey, he shall have the handsomest cloak in the whole city!"

CHAPTER III.

"A cigar! bless me what a boy, and only twelve. Are you sure you saw him smoke it? Well, I dare say it made him sick enough; boys *will* be boys you know."

"Yes, but to think you should allow him to go to the theatre without my knowledge?" and the husband groaned.

"Dear me! why what a fret you are in; do let the child see something of the world."

CHAPTER IV.

"In jail! my God, husband—not our boy!"

"Yes, in jail for *stealing*."

"Not *our* boy! not *our* Charley! No, it cannot be! Let me die—kill me, but don't tell me our Charley is a thief."

The boy was sentenced to the State's Prison, and the mother carried to a lunatic asylum the next day.

☞ In Cork, a short time ago, the crier of the court endeavored to disperse the crowd by exclaiming: "All yo blackguards that isn't lawyers, quit the court."

☞ Mr. Ben Mills, of Harrodsburg, Ky., has invented a gun with three barrels. Two of the barrels are for shot, and the third is a rifle.

**The "Baked Tater" Boy and the Mayor.**

A gentleman named Oakshot visited Arundel a few days since, after an absence of thirty years, to call on some of his old companions. At the time he lived in Arundel his father was a working blacksmith, and the mother, being of an industrious disposition, made penny pies, bulls' eyes, &c., to assist in gaining a livelihood. The son at that time was chiefly employed in hawking pies about in the day, and shouting "baked taters" in the streets at night. Although he was always considered a sharp lad, yet he never had the advantages of education which youths of the present day obtain. An uncle, who was a linen draper in Swansea, wanted a lad, and thirty years ago young Oakshot instructed himself as he best could, and soon rose from one position to another, until he became the confidential assistant of his uncle, who regarded him with very great affection from his attentive habits and trustworthy character. A few years passed away; the business grew under "young" Oakshot's care; and the uncle died, leaving the whole to the nephew. Thirty years from the day that Oakshot left Arundel as an errand boy he was chosen Mayor of Swansea, and chief magistrate over a population of some 20,000 inhabitants; last week the "baked tater" boy called upon many of his old associates as James Oakshot, the Mayor of Swansea, having accumulated some considerable wealth, and exhibiting a praiseworthy example to young men of what perseverance and industry can accomplish in this world.—*London (C. W.) Advocate.*

**An Architectural Definition.**

There is a story on record of an architect repudiating any connection with the building fraternity, in the case of the late eminent and talented Mr. Alexander, the architect of Rochester bridge, and several other fine buildings in the county of Kent. He was under cross-examination, in a special jury case at Maidstone, by Sergeant (afterwards Baron) Garrow, who wished to detract from the weight of his testimony, and who, asking what was his name, proceeded thus:

"You are a builder, I believe?"

"No, sir; I am not a builder, I am an architect."

"Ah, well. Architect or builder, builder or architect, they are much the same, I suppose."

"I beg your pardon, sir, I cannot admit that; I consider them to be totally different."

"Oh, indeed! perhaps you will state wherein this great difference consists?"

"An architect, sir, prepares the plans, conceives the designs, draws out the specifications—in short, supplies the mind. The builder is merely the bricklayer or the carpenter—the builder, in fact, is the machine; the architect the power that puts the machine together and sets it going."

"Oh, very well, Mr. Architect, that will do! And now, after your very ingenious distinction without a difference, perhaps you could inform the court who was the architect of the Tower of Babel?"

And now mark the reply—which, for promptness and wit, is perhaps not to be rivalled in the whole history of rejoinder:

"There was no architect, sir; and hence the confusion!"

**Shan't Bite Me.**

There was a fellow of a certain neighborhood in Arkansas, who was strongly suspected of sheep-stealing. There were weekly many cases of the mysterious disappearance of choice mutton from the flocks of the planters which were traced to his door; but he generally succeeded in proving an *alibi* or some other defence, which reduced the charge to a mere suspicion.

At last, however, a planter riding through the woods perceived the suspected sheep-thief stealing from the woods, and after looking around to see that no one was near, walking up to a flock of sheep, and deliberately knocked over the largest and fattest. At this moment the planter rode up, and confronting the thief, exclaimed:

"Now, sir, I have got you! You can't get off; you are caught in the very act!"

"What act?" indignantly inquired the thief.

"Sheep-stealing," was the confident reply.

"Sir, you had better mind how you charge a respectable American citizen with such a crime as sheep-stealing," replied the gentleman with the penchant for mutton.

"Now, will you deny that I saw you kill that sheep?" asked the planter.

"No, sir," was the prompt answer, "I did kill him, and I'll do it again. I'll kill anybody's sheep that will bite me as I am going peaceably along the road."

☞ Reynolds, the dramatist, observing the thinness of the house at one of his pieces, said, "I suppose it is owing to the war!" "No," was the reply, "it is owing to the piece."

☞ A slattern always makes a poor cook. The woman who don't dress herself, has never yet succeeded in dressing a beefsteak properly.

☞ If you would have a thing kept secret, never tell it to any one; and if you would not have a thing known of you, never do it.

☞ What men want, is not talent, but purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.

**The Rough and Tumble Kiss.**

The neatest of all neat things, the story of Widow Lambkins, from whom Dr. Meadows took so much toll when they crossed the bridge on a sleigh ride, reminds us, says a down east friend, of one of our young Maine fellows, who thus describes the battle and final victory, in a fair fight for a kiss of his sweet-heart:

"Ah, now, Sarah dear, do give me a kiss—just one—and be done with it."

"I wont! so there now."

"Then I shall have to take it."

"Take it, if you dare."

So at it they went, rough and tumble. An awful destruction of starch now commenced, and in good earnest, too.

The bow of my cravat was squat up in less than no time. At the next bout, smash went my shirt collar, and at the same time some of the head fastenings gave way and down came Sally's hair like a flood in a mill-dam broke loose, carrying away half a dozen combs. One big plunge of Sally's elbow, and my blooming bosom ruffles wilted to the consistency and form of an after dinner napkin. But she had no time to boast. Her neck tacking soon began to sever, parted at the throat, away went a string of white beads, scrammering and running races everywhere over the floor. She fought fair, however, I must admit, and when she could fight no longer for the want of breath, she yielded handsomely; her arms fell down by her side—those long, round, rosy arms—her hair hung back over the chair, her eyes were half shut, as if she was unable to hold them open a minute longer, and there lay a little plump mouth all in the air!

My goodness! did you ever see a hawk pounce on a robin, or a bee on a clover top! Even so I settled; and when she came to, and threw up those arms and seized me around the neck and declared she'd choke me if ever I did so again, and had a great notion to do so now, I just ran the risk again, and the more she choked me the better I liked it; and now she puts her arms around my neck, and puts her lips in the way of mine every day, and calls me her own John, and don't seem to make any fuss about it at all. That was a very sensible girl, and she makes me a good wife, too, as I am not ashamed to say anywhere.

**In Favor of the Hog.**

John Smith was tried in Alabama for stealing a hog worth one dollar and a half. The theft was proved beyond the shadow of a doubt. The jury retired, to make up their verdict, to an adjacent grove of trees, and were not out long before they returned with a verdict of "guilty of hog stealing in fust degree." The Judge told them that the verdict was proper, except that they had omitted to assess the value of the property stolen, and that there was no degree to hog stealing, and to retire again and bring in their verdict in "proper form." Again they retired, with pen, ink and paper, but rather nonplussed with regard to the "form." They pondered long and deeply over what he meant by *form*. At last old W. Jim Turner, who had been justice of the peace in Georgia, with a bright countenance and a sly wink, as much as to say, "Look at me, boys—I understand a thing or two," wrote the verdict and returned to the court house. One after another they filed in, old Jim handed the verdict to the clerk, with anxious pomposity, and sat down. Judge of the laughter when the clerk read the following: "*We, the jeury, pusilanimously find the defendant guilty in the sum of 1 dollar a ½ in favor of the hog.*"

☞ A Western poet has decided against the idea of the destruction of the Union, in the following lines, composed in half an hour by a Connecticut clock:

"What! bust this glorious Union up,
And go to drawin' triggers—
Just for a thunderin' parcel of
Emancipated niggers?
The Eagle of America,
That flew across the seas,
And throwed the bloody British Lion
Kerslam upon his knees!
Say, shall we rend him lim' from lim',
Wun wing wun wa, and wun t'other:
And every seperit pin-fether
A flyin' at each other?
It can't be did."

☞ The celebrated Dr. Abernethy was sent for by an innkeeper, who had a quarrel with his wife, who had scarred his face with her nails, so that the poor man was bleeding and much disfigured. Abernethy, who had no great appreciation of female tongues or talons at any time, in admonishing the offender, ventured to address her thus:

"Madam, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to treat your husband thus—the husband who is the head of all—your head, madam, in fact."

"Well, Doctor," fiercely returned the virago, "and may I not scratch my own head?"

The Doctor saw that "discretion was the better part of valor," with such a customer, and wisely concluded to beat a hasty retreat from the field of danger.

☞ The number of fixed stars seen at any one time by the naked eye, is estimated at one thousand.

☞ Elephants live for two hundred, three hundred, and even four hundred years.

☞ "The proper study of mankind is man," says Pope; but the popular study is how to make money out of him.

☞ A single female house fly produces in one season 20,080,320 eggs.

**Caught in a Trap.**

It was lately that a strange event occurred in the village of Hampignolles, France. One of the inhabitants had dug a pit for the purpose of catching a wolf, and after covering it, put on the top, to attract the animal, a living goose. Another inhabitant of the village saw from a distance the goose.—The obscurity not permitting him to distinguished the trap, he approched and fell to the bottom of the pit. The pit was eight or ten feet deep and the sides were perpendicular. Great was his astonishment, and greater yet was his embarrassment, at finding himself in that position; and it was not until after having for some time called for help that he resolved patiently to wait for daylight and meanwhile make himself as comfortable as possible. But hardly had he taken this resolution when he felt a heavy weight fall on his shoulders. This was a wolf, which, attracted by the bait, had also been caught by the trap.—You can easily imagine the fright of the unfortunate man. At length day broke and to the poor companion of the wolf it seemed time for it to break, for the night had appeared to him terribly long. The owner of the trap came early to see what he had caught, and found his neighbor in the pit. He drew out the unfortunate man more dead than alive, but he was less generous to the wolf, which he killed, notwithstanding his exemplary conduct through the night.

☞ The highest waterfall in the world is in the Sandwich Islands, and is stated to be between four and five thousand feet high. The stream on which the fall occurs, runs among the peaks of one of the highest mountains, so high that the water actually never reaches the bottom. The resistance of the air, changes it into mist before it can reach the bottom, so great is the distance, and it ascends to the clouds again. It must be a sight to see a cataract literally suspended in the air.

☞ The philosophy of travellers has been put to the severest test by detentions. One of the most decided cases of resignation is reported on a train of cars from Boston, as follows:

"You don't seem to mind this detention and annoyance!"

"Speaking to me, sir?" said the person addressed, looking up from his paper.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"What is the use of minding it; it can't be helped. I ought to have been at home last Saturday, and would have been, but I stopped to buy a pair of boots, and I am deuced sorry now that I didn't get them a size larger, for Tommy will be a big boy before I get home, at this rate."

☞ In the City of Providence, was a large audience collected in the walls of the old theatre. The performance had reached the crisis wherein the dreadful villain of the play was to be shot—the fatal pistol was even pointed at its victim, the house was wrought up to the intensest excitement, and all was as still as death. At this breathless period a highly respectable citizen in the stage box arose, and addressing the hero of the pistol, while his wife sat by his side, her cheeks ashy pale, and a thumb thrust into each ear, said:—"Mr. Duffy, Mr. Duffy, Mr. Duffy, don't shoot the villain just yet! For love's sake desist! *Mehitable's afraid of a gun.—Wait till we retire from the theatre!*"—The gun didn't explode, but the audience did. Duffy waited, but they couldn't.

*To Make Whitewash that will not Rub Off.*—Mix up half a pail full of lime and water ready to put on the wall; then take one gill of flour and mix it with water; then pour boiling water into the whitewash; stir all well together and it is ready for use.—*Indiana Farmer.*

*The Fastest Time by Horse Flesh.*—Porter's Spirit says:—"The fastest time ever made by a running horse was by Henry Perit, in 1.42½; and the fastest mile made by a pacer was by Pocahontas, in 1.17½; and the fastest mile ever made in trotting was by Flora Temple, in harness, in 2.24½."

☞ The proprietor of a New York Saloon, advertises in the Herald: "The best of wines and liquors, lager beer on draught, and the *prettiest and most attractive young ladies to wait upon visitors.*" There you have it.

☞ A schoolboy being asked by the teacher how he should flog him, replied: "If you please, sir, I should like to have it on the Italian system—the heavy strokes upwards, and the down ones light."

☞ A new umbrella has been invented by a Yankee, which he calls the "lending umbrella." It is made of brown paper and willow twigs, and is intended to accommodate no one but particular friends.

☞ The Josephine is the newest article of female attire, and is somewhat like a Shanghae coat. It makes the wearer resemble the new comet—little body and tremendous tail.

☞ A lady in hoops has been ungallantly compared to a sitting hen, and for the simple reason, that, by spreading her surroundings, she covers more space than ordinarily. An 'orrid idea.

☞ A man named Thomas Quinn, directly after eating a hearty dinner, at Wheeling, Va., on Monday, lost the use of his legs, arms and tongue. He has not spoken a word since.

☞ Why does a horse slobber? Because he can't spit.